



THE ANNOUNCING ANGEL.







THE

HERALDING

ANGEL.

*Amie C. McQueen*



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AN Angel rose from the heavens .  
Fairer than morning light;  
The radiance of her coming  
Dispelled the clouds of night.  
Her brow was calm and holy,  
And peace was in her face;  
The bright wings in their passing .  
Left many a lustrous trace.





SOFT clouds parted for her;

Morning stars sang sweet;

Rough winds ceased, and rested

Becalmed, beneath her feet.

And hushed in happy silence

The listening air around,

Expectant of the voice divine,

Stilled each recurring sound.



THEN through all the heavens

Rang out that wondrous voice,

“Glad tidings! Unto you is born

A Heavenly King. Rejoice!

Wake, Earth, to hail your Saviour

With holy love, and fear.

The promised one is given;

The Son of God is here.”



FAR over hill and valley,

The stirring notes were borne;

As the strains of triumph echoed

In the early light of morn.

The herald of love and mercy

Sped on her gladsome way;

And dawned on a world rejoicing,

The glorious Christmas day.

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.





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